Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1849. VOL. 5.—NO. 42.

A Good Time Coming Girls.

There's a good time a coming, girls,
A good time a coming,
Old maidens may not see the day,
But still shall give a loud hurrah!
For the good time coming.
Submission now shall aid our cause,
And make it all the stronger,
We'll wear the breeches by and bye,
WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time a coming, girls,
A good time coming,
Our TONGUE shall supersede the PEN,
And women rule instead of men,
In the good time coming.
Voice, not force, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger,
The proper weapons we have got,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time a coming, girls,
A good time a coming,
A bachelor in all eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
The lords of the creation then
Shall not be thought the stronger,
Nor make us promise to obey,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
We shall do whatever we please,
For fun the men we oft will tease,
In the good time coming.
They shall smile nor dare to frown,
But own we are the stronger,
The reformation has begun,
Wait a little longer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Discontented Husband.

BY KATE.

'Mary, my dear,' said Charles Halwood to his wife, 'come sit by me, while I read to you this beautiful piece in your magazine this week.'

'Is it something very interesting?' said Mrs. Halwood.

'Oh! very, indeed; it is written by our new authoress, Alice Carlisle, of whom every one is speaking in such light terms. I wonder who she can be. No one knows and she seems determined to keep herself in security.'

'Perhaps she has special reasons for so doing,' said Mrs. Halwood.

'I suppose she has,' replied her husband 'but I should think one of her brilliant talents, and one, too, who receives so much applause from the public in general, would be proud to make herself known. But I will read you her production in this number.

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During the first year of Mr. Halwood's married life, he had lived very happily but when the novely had worn off, and he saw his wife from day to day wearing the same quiet smile, and preserving the same modest demeanor, he began to feel a sort of *ennui* when in her society. Instead of trying to throw off that kind of restraint felt by both, by spending his leisure moments with his wife, and studying the character of her mind, he devoted the most of them to reading the various periodicals of the day; with which his table was loaded. He had become very much interested of late with a new authoress who had suddenly made her appearance in the literary world under the name of Alice Carlisle, and who had become very popular in the public prints, but still kept her name *incog*.

When Halwood had finished reading he exclaimed, 'is not that beautiful? How pure and elevated the thoughts! Do you not think she is a fine writer, Mary?'

'Why, yes, pretty good,' replied Mrs. Halwood, with seeming indifference, and turning away busied herself with a book before her.

Halwood felt disappointed and pained; he sat for a few moments humming a short tune; and throwing down the book arose and wended his way to his office. 'How stupid,' he muttered as he walked along, 'not to see the beauties of such a production as that. Oh! that Alice Carlisle was my wife! Then I should be a happy man—then there would be a congeniality of thought and feeling,'

He entered his office, but his thoughts were not there. He tried to dissipate his feelings by looking over and arranging his papers, but still his mind would wander to the fair authoress, and then he would compare what his imagination pictured her to be with his wife, and he felt more dissatisfied than ever. He made every inquiry and took every measure that prudence would admit, to ascertain who she was, but all to no purpose.

Time wore on but brought no relief to the mind of Charles Halwood. Since the day of which we have spoken he never mentioned Alice Carlisle to his wife, or spoken of her writings—but he had eagerly devoured every article of hers that had appeared. He spent but little time at home, and appeared reserved and silent in his wife's presence.

At length he broke through all restraint, and resolved to address her by her fictitious name, through the medium of the post office. Accordingly, he penned a short note, speaking in very high terms of her talents, as a writer, expressing a strong desire to become acquainted with her, and ended by begging her to grant him an interview. He dropped his note in the post office and anxiously awaited a reply; nor did he wait long for soon he received the following note:

'Mr. Halwood—Dear Sir: I received your note of this morn, and am grateful for the complimentary manner in which you have spoken of my writings. As you earnestly request an interview, if you will at seven o'clock this eve, walk in M—— street, you will meet a lady dressed in a quaker garb; turn and walk with her and you will have the privilege of conversing with ALICE CARLISLE.

When Halwood had read the note, he laid it on the table, and for a moment his better judgment told him that he had already proceeded too far in this affair, and conscience whispered, 'Better sit with your wife this eve, whom you have sworn to love and protect.' But he did listen to the voice of conscience; an opportunity offered to gratify his desire and he resolved to improve it. He had taken the first step from the path of rectitude, and it was easier going forward than backward.

Evening at length came, and Halwood waited with impatience for the hour to arrive for him to go forth to meet the Quakeress, for such he believed her to be—He had spent his evenings of late at his office, and being wholly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the street chosen for their place of meeting, he felt no fear of being recognized by any one during the interview, or that it would be known to his wife. He wrapped himself up in his cloak, and drawing his hat closely over his forehead proceeded with hasty steps toward M—— street. It was dimly lighted, and there being none but few passing back and forth. He walked up and down the street a few times; still no one appeared that he could recognize as the object of his search, and he began to think that he was the subject of some trick, when turning suddenly around, he observed a slight figure before him, wearing the close Quaker bonnet and cloak. He approached her and was somewhat surprised that she immediately recognized him, although she was an entire stranger to himself. He joined her in her walk and entered into conversation.

He frankly confessed to her his situation in life—told her of the unhappiness he experienced in having a companion who was not possessed of a mind congenial with his own; then spoke in glowing terms of the beauties of her productions upon which he had so long dwelt and bitterly lamented that he had not found such an one with whom to spend his days. The lady seemed somewhat agitated and rather silent at first, and appeared inclined to keep her face hidden in her Quakeress hat, so as not to give Halwood a view of it. After some hesitation she told him that she had loved him in secret—that he possessed the warmest affections of heart—that ere he had led his bride to the altar, she had looked upon him as the being above all others with whom she wished to be united—and that it was love to him alone that had made her what she was, a writer. Halwood listened to her with breathless silence; busy thoughts ran over the associations of his former years, but he could select none to whom he could apply the character of the lady before him. He caught sight of her face as they passed a street lamp. There was a striking familiar look in it, but he could recollect of none possessed of so much sweetness and beauty. True he had only a hasty glance, yet in that one he thought he discovered marks of a noble mind. He found the object for which he had so often sighed, resolved to secure it while within his grasp. He proposed that she should leave the city with him—to go to a distant city—there become his wife and then sail for a foreign land, where they could dwell together in obscurity, and enjoy each others' society undisturbed.

At first she appeared shocked at such a proposal, and spoke of his wife whom he would leave behind broken hearted; also the disgrace with which he would be looked upon by the world at large. But Halwood was eloquent in overcoming every obstacle she could present; if he remained as he then was, he must be miserable and said his wife could not be more unhappy to have him leave her forever, than to feel daily that though he acted the part of a husband, his heart was far from her. He finally succeeded in gaining her consent to his proposals on condition that she should not reveal her true name until they should arrive at the first stopping place: Halwood promised to grant any request if she would only accede to his wishes. She at length agreed to meet him at the steamboat landing in W——— street, one week from that night and take a boat for P——, during which time to secure secrecy, they were to have no communication whatever. Having made all necessary arrangements, they parted. Halwood to his office and Alice to her home.

During the following week, Halwood busied himself in arranging his affairs, which were in a very good condition.—He withdrew his money from the bank, and made a writing and placed it among his papers, when he did not return, in which he gave his wife all the property he left behind, which was sufficient to give a handsome support. He told Mrs. Halwood and his acquaintances, that his business called to a distant city, and that he should be under the necessity of remaining for a few months at least, and requested his wife to arrange his wardrobe accordingly.

The important eve came round. The time had been shorter to Halwood than he anticipated. Having all things in readiness he took a hasty leave of his wife, sprang in his carriage at the door, and soon found himself at the steamboat landing.—His fair companion had not yet made her appearance. It was now eight o'clock in the evening—in half an hour the boat would start. He waited twenty minutes between hope and fear, when a cab stopped near where he was standing, and from it issued the little Quakeress dressed in the same neat, plain style closely veiled. Halwood stepped forward, gave her a cordial greeting, and conducted her on board the boat to the ladies' cabin. She then requested him to leave her until they arrived at their destined port; he reluctantly obeyed, as he had promised to grant all the requests she should make.

Halwood retired to his state room but not to rest. Now he was left to himself he had time for reflection; he found that although his wishes were in some degree gratified he was far from being happy.—He tried to close his eyes in sleep, but a calm, quiet face would stand by his side, and look upon him with entreating sadness It was that of his wife whom he pictured at home, lone and sad. He thought of the kindness with which she had always supplied his wants—the solicitude which she seemed to feel in all that concerned him and more than once he wished himself by her side to ask forgiveness. He tried, however, to dissipate such thoughts and feelings by thinking upon Alice Carlisle, who was now to reveal herself to him on the morrow; and the hours seemed like so many weeks—such was the anxious state of his mind.

Morn at length came, and its first ray of light was a welcome visiter to the sleepless eyes of Charles Halwood. He arose and went on deck—the tall spires of the city of P——— were just in sight, and when the sun had risen above the horrizon they had neared the wharf. Halwood sought Alice; and taking a carriage drove to the City Hotel. Now they were alone and the time had arrived when he was to behold the object he had so long wished for. Halwood stood in breathless anxiety; he longed and yet feared to see her unveil herself. She slowly raised her hands, loosed her bonnet and cloak, together with some smoothly combed hair, and threw them from her—and, kind reader, HIS OWN WIFE STOOD BEFORE HIM! Halwood was thunderstruck. He stood for a moment paralyzed. During that one moment, the past, as quick as lightning passed through his mind; everything was explained, he rushed forward exclaiming: 'Forgive, oh! forgive!'——And—but we will leave them to themselves, and just say that the boat took Halwood home a wiser man.

Most Horrible Situation.

We [illegible] been playing all the evening at whist [illegible]r stakes had been gold mohur points, [illegible]d twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who [illegible]s always lucky, had won five successive bumpers, which lent a well satisfied smile on his countenance, and made us, the loosers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long considerations superfluous.

'Play away, Maxey;] what are you about?' impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever bore the uniform of the body guard.

'Hush,' replied Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

'Are you unwell?' said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

'For the love of peace, sit quiet?' rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his card. 'If you value my life, move not.'

'What can it mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?' demanded Churchill, appealing to himself.

'Don't start?—don't move, I tell you!' uttered Maxey—'If you make any sudden motion, I am a dead man.' We exchanged looks. He continued, 'remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella around my leg.'

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold and attach himself to any of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of the deadly monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every slight movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look, so fearful was he lest the slightest movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten the fatal bite. We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

'He is coiling round!' murmured Maxey. 'I feel him cold—cold to my limb; for the love of heaven call for some milk! I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor.'

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

'Don't stir; Northcote, you moved your head. By every thing sacred I conjure you do not move again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them that I die blessing them; the snake is winding around my calf—I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath—great heaven! to die in such a manner!'

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke—

'No—no! It has no effect—on the contrary he has clasped himself tighter, he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance; ah! no—he has undone another fold and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else? We involuntarily started. For the love of heaven, stir not! I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens—he is about to dart! Churchill, he falls off that way—oh this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure, and I am dead! No, he relaxes!' At this moment poor Maxey ventured to look down—the snake had unwound himself—the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

'I am saved! I am saved!' said Maxey, bounding from his chair, and falling senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and our friend was carried more dead than alive to his room.

This scene I can never forget—it dwells on my memory still, strengthed by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour, pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.—"*Hours in Hindostan.*"

Female Courtship in Rome.

The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints that delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure, nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a faiend of the young man, "tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, "are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "yes, my dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity.

MADE HIS MIND UP.—The editor of the Syracuse Reveille has determined on paying some lady's board—which is the modern definition of marriage—as soon as he gets able, as the following will show:

Jupiter! How we do envy young married friends, when we look upon them in the quiet enjoyment of their own happy firesides. Wind and weather—and funds—permitting, we are bound to get "spliced" forthwith.

The Rates of Postage.

The rates of postage, as modified by the Act of Congress of the third inst., and under the late treaty concluded by Great Britain, are thus authentically stated at the Post-office in Washington. The conciseness and complete character of the statement will render its preservation valuable for reference.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Inland postage for 300 miles and under is 10 cents an ounce; for half an ounce and less it is 5 cents.

The inland postage for greater distances than 300 miles, is 20 cents an ounce; 10 cents for a half an ounce and under.

The whole postage, by the British or American mail steamers, from or to Great Britain or Ireland, is 48 cents an ounce; 24 cents for a single half ounce or less.

The United States inland postage, whatever may be the distance, on letters sent by the British Steamers to foreign countries, other than Great Britain or Ireland, is 10 cents an ounce; 5 cents the single half ounce.

The postage by the American steamers, to foreign countries, other than Great Britain and Ireland on letters to be sent through the British mail, is 42 cts. an ounce; 21 cents for the single half ounce.

To an by Bremen, from the port, and the reverse, 48 cts. an ounce; 24 cents the single half ounce. The inland postage to be added.

To and from Havanna 25 cents an ounce; 12½ cents single.

To and from Chagres 40 cts. an ounce; 20 cents single.

To and from Panama 60 cents an ounce; 30 cents single.

To and from other places on the Pacific, 80 cts. an ounce; 40 cents single.

To and from the West Indies (except Havanna) and islands in the Gulf of Mexico, 20 cents; 10 cents single, with inland postage.

Any fractional excess over an ounce is always to be regarded as an ounce.

The above postage may be prepaid or not, at the option of the sender, except to foreign countries, other than Great Britain or Ireland; and where the letters pass through the Bremen post-office, in most cases, the whole postage may be prepaid, or they may go unpaid—(See table 1, Exhibit D, Senate Document, Executive No. 25, 30th Congress, 2d session.)

A postage of 6 cents is charged on letters and packets brought into the United States in any private ship or vessel, or carried from one port therein to another, if they are to be delivered at the post office where the same shall arrive, and two cents are added to the rates of postage if destined to be conveyed by post; and postmasters are to receive one cent for every letter or packet received by them to be conveyed by any (private) ship or vessel beyond sea, or from any port to another in the United States.

One cent is to be added to the rate of each way letter. Way letters are those brought to the post-office by the post riders, and other carriers of the mail, whose duty is to receive them, when presented more than one mile from a post-office.

There is charged upon letters and other matter delivered from steamboats, except newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, and periodicals, the same rates as if they had been transmitted by mail.

Drop letters, or letters placed in any post-office for delivery there, are charged two cents each.

Advertised letters are charged with the costs of advertising, which is not to exceed four cents for each letter, in addition to the regular postage.

Not more than two cents to be paid to the letter carriers employed in cities for the delivery of letters, or for receiving them, to be deposited in the post-office.

Newspapers are conveyed from one post-office to another in the same State for one cent, and any distance not more than 100 miles, at the same rate and at 1½ cts. for any greater distance. One quarter's postage is always to be paid in advance by those who receive newspapers by post.—The sea-postage on newspapers is 3 cents each, with the above rates added when transported inland. Newspapers may be mailed or delivered at any post-office in the United States to or from Great Britain or Ireland, on the payment of two cents.—Letter-carriers employed in cities, are not to receive more than half-cent for the delivery of newspapers. The postage on newspapers not sent from the office of publication is required to be pre-paid; and the whole postage on newspapers, in all cases, when they are directed to foreign countries.

Handbills, circulars, advertisements, net exceeding one sheet are subject to three cents postage each, whatever the distance, (inland) to be pre-paid. The sea-postage on price currents is three cents, with inland postage added when so transported—The law makes no distinction of handbills, circulars, advertisements, or price currents, when regulating the sums to be paid to the letter-carriers of cities.

Newspapers are defined in the 16th section of the act approved March 3d, 1845. When they exceed two sheets or superfices of 1900 square inches, they are to be charged with the same rate of postage as that on magazines and pamphlets. All pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, and every other kind of printed or other matter, (except newspapers,) are charged at the rate of 2½ cents per copy, of no greater weight than one ounce, and one cent additional for each additional ounce, any fractional excess of not less than half an ounce being regarded as an ounce. The sea-postage on each pamphlet is three cents, with the above rates added, when transported inland. There is to be paid on pamphlets sent to or received from Great Britain and Ireland, one cent for each ounce or fractional excess. Letter carriers employed in cities are not to receive more than half a cent for the delivery of pamphlets.

Post-office, Washington, D. C. 21st March, 1849.

Shoe Business in Lynn, Mass.

The shoe business is the life of Lynn. Only women's misses' and children's shoes are made here. Engaged in this business there are of manufacturers, or men who "carry on the business," 78; of cutters, or men who "cut out" the shoes, 175; of men and boys employed in making shoes, 2,458; of men and boys so employed, but living out of town, 900; of women and girls employed in binding shoes, 4,925; of the same so employed and living out of town 1,600; making of employees an aggregate of 10,058. The number of men and boys employed in making shoes is more than 70 per cent larger now than it was in 1842. The increase in the number of women and girls employed in binding shoes has, we presume, been correspondingly great. But it should be stated that the shoe business in 1842 was unusually depressed; that much less of it was done during last, than will probably be done during the present year. The number of pairs of shoes made during the last year was, 3,190,000; the number purchased from the other towns was 350,000; making in all 2,540,000 pairs. The cost of the materials of these was $1,435,545; that of making them $957,030, making the cost of the 3,540,000 pairs of shoes to have been $2,392,575. The cost of making shoes is now about one-sixth less than it was a dozen years ago.—*Lynn Pioneer.*

Singular Presentiment.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, speaking of the narrative of the Dead Sea Ezpedition, in connection, of the death of Lieut. Dale, relates a singular presentiment of Mrs. Dale, and gives the language she used at the time. The correspondent says: One of the gentlemen told us that she had said to him on the 24th of July, "I wish you to note this day my spirits are so oppressed, my feelings are so unaccountably strange, that I am sure some great calamity awaits me—note it, that this is the 24th of July." It was the day her husband died.

Progress of Improvement.

'Mother,' asked a six foot gawkey, after two hours of brown study, 'what did you and dad used to do, when he came a courten you? Good airth and seas! what deu mean, Jebediah?' 'Why, I went a courtin' last Sunday night—I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I did'nt know how to court. I axt her to show me how, and sez she 'ax your marm.' So now I want to know what you and father did.'—'La, suz!' Why Jed, we used to sit by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch the crickets running 'round the hearth.' 'Good gracious! times aint as usen to was, mother that's sartin. I was all slicked up to kill, and looked tearin' scrumshus, and the only thing Peggy give me was a raw cold pickle!'

FRAILTIES.—All men have their frailties. "As I grow older," said Goethe, "I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity, The man who loudly denounces I always suspect. He knows too much of crime who denounces a fellow creature unheard—a knowledge which can only be obtained through criminality itself. The hypocrite always strives to divert attention from his own wickedness, by denouncing unsparingly that of others. He thinks he shall seem good in exact ratio as he makes others seem bad."

☞ Life is but a walk over a moor, and the wild flowers that grow upon our path are too few not to gather them when they come within sight, even though it may cost us a step or two aside. It's all in the day's journey and we shall get home at last.